

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT

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COOKING IN AFRICA.

A Troika of Great Interest in a Pioneer Camp.

In African encampments the question of food is a burning one. How to obtain provisions, how to cook them when procured—these are problems of absorbing interest in a pioneer camp. The authors of "Adventures in Mashonaland" say that it is curious and interesting to watch the process of victualing a new country. The trader throws the most eccentric provisions on the market. At one time, the author says, nothing but tinned lobster could be purchased at their settlement; and at another time the whole of Manica breakfasted, dined and supped on folegras.

One cooking utensil consisted of a three-legged pot and a frying-pan. How were we to create a dinner? We boiled the ox-flesh in the three-legged pot, whence it issued in the condition of shoe-leather. Mixing the meal with water, we made the most horrible half-cooked cake by heating the dough on hot stones. There was neither baking powder nor yeast in the country.

One day we received a present of venison, shot by a Mr. Teal. Now I had from time to time saved up a small quantity of sardine oil, believing myself to be a famous housekeeper. In a moment of vain self-confidence I undertook the dinner that night, and we invited Mr. Champion to come and eat venison steaks.

I fried those steaks in my sardine oil and served them proudly. They positively looked like real steaks, such as people would eat at home. But alas! scarcely had two mouthfuls been eaten when everyone fled from the table, and my wonderful dinner was abandoned to the little native who waited on us. He certainly enjoyed it immensely, so even that ill wind blew somebody good; but it was unanimously decided that henceforth I was never to be trusted with the preparation of meals.

A NUMEROUS FAMILY.

One Couple Who Were Blessed with Sixty-Two Children.

In the Harlequin Manuscript, Nos. 980 and 981, in the library of the British Museum, mention is made of the most extraordinary family that has ever been known in the world's history. The parties were a Scotch weaver and his wife (not wives) who were the father and mother of sixty-two children.

The majority of the offspring of this prolific pair were boys (exactly how many of each sex does not know), for the record mentions the fact that forty-five of the male children lived to reach manhood's estate, and only four of the daughters lived to be grown-up women. Thirty-nine of the sons were still living in the year 1910, the majority of them then residing in and about Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It is recorded in one of the old histories of Newcastle that "a certain gentleman of large estates" rode "thirty and three miles beyond the Tyne to prove this wonderful story." It is further related that Sir J. Bowers adopted ten of the sons, and that three other "laidly gentlemen" took ten each. The remaining members of this extraordinary family were brought up by the parents.

An Oregonian's Great Scheme.

A young man who not long since found the place of his birth on his own and went out into Washington county to be a jolly farmer claims to have discovered a method of utilizing oak grubs, which, if it works, says the Portland Oregonian, will prove the greatest discovery of the age, as far as farming in Oregon is concerned. Every one who has had anything to do with farming in the Willamette valley knows what a nuisance oak grubs are. They are young oak trees, which in many places cover large tracts, and are called grubs because the only way of getting rid of them is by grubbing them up. They have caused more blanchings and heartaches and the use of more profanity than any other kind of grub in the state, though the grub furnished in some places is enough to make a saint swear. Well, this genius of a farmer has grafted all his oak grubs with chestnut scions, and says they are doing finely, and in a few years he will be fattening vast droves of hogs on chestnuts, and he can afford to laugh at farmers who raise wheat to fatten hogs.

Not to Be Reached.

The people of the extreme south of France, in the neighborhood of the Pyrenees, have a hard shift to live. Some of them gain a livelihood by taming bears. Many others take to begging, which becomes a trade by itself, reasonably remunerative and not exactly dishonorable. Baron Haussmann, in his "Memoirs," tells the case of one of these professional beggars who secured a good property and finally became mayor of a large commune. Even then he continued to ply his trade, especially in the bathing season, when many tourists visited the country. One of these outsiders was so taken aback at the sight of the mayor begging on the street that he recognized him for a mendicant. "I should think you would be ashamed," said the stranger; "you are a man holding an honorable office." "Office," said the mayor, "my office? Why, mum, this is how I gained it."

The Vision of Birds.

Birds have very acute vision, perhaps the most acute of any creature, and the sense is almost more widely distributed over the globe than in the case with man; consequently a bird can see as well as objects in front of it. A bird sees—showing great unbusiness in consequence—a hawk long before it is visible to man; so too fowls and pigeons and minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly pieces of earth or gravel. Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of objects. Several birds—apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground—can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young of birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind, and have to be fed.

A Two-Month Flight.

The albatross has been known to follow a ship for two months without ever being seen to alight in the water or take a moment's rest. It is believed to sleep on the wing.

HOG POINTERS.

SCIENCE can't invent anything better for young animals than pure milk. Feed the sow liberally on non-heating materials.

Four pigs a pound of corn meal to twenty pounds of milk; this makes a nutritive ratio of one to eight. When the pigs are approaching time for fattening increase the proportion of meal to milk.

If you are going to feed, feed. Don't do it by halves. It costs less to put on 100 pounds of fat in a month than in three months with like material. But remember that there is a point in fattening beyond which it is not profitable to go.

Blood does not "tell" so fast in any stock as in hogs. Having as they do, two, and sometimes three litters per year, of eight to twelve in a litter, a wide-awake breeder may very soon have a fine drove and bays to sell.

Since sheep seem so bulky in returning profits we shall have to make more of a specialty of swine. No stock pays better in money returns and in farm fertility. Don't stock up with a poor breed. Better have one well bred sow than half a dozen in-bred, weak scrubs. A good hog is as essential to profit as a good cow. Avoid the race of swine having a pinched, stunted or immature appearance. Fullness in length, depth and breadth, completeness in roundness and ease of motion speak well for a hog's digestion, prosperity and his capacity to make pork profitably.

Look out for lice on store hogs. These parasites will do more to damage the comfort and appearance and also the productive value of a hog than several other troubles combined. Drip lard or cotton oil scented with kerosene along their backs once per week for three weeks. Look sharp.

FOR WOMAN'S WEAR.

Black velvet collars with ermine edging are popular.

Alaskan boy effects in short puffs, among the novelty hat trimmings, are among the novelty hat trimmings. Little pompadour trimmings standing upright over the forehead are much liked for stylish young women.

A SEALSKIN cape made in full ruffle fashion with a longer cape of ermine is new and stylish, and expensive as well.

A GENUINE old-fashioned police bonnet has a trimming of loops of ribbon at the sides with plumes standing high up over the crown. It is tied under the chin with wide ribbons.

An exceedingly stylish hat is made of satin brocade with velvet. It is in leaf-brown shades and is trimmed with jet, plumes and a dash of cardinal such as one sees in autumn foliage.

HAIR-DRESSING is a puzzle as well as a fine art. The disgusting lump that has long protruded from the knot of hair at the back of the head has fallen, let us hope into oblivion. In its place we have soft loops and coils, the figure eight, a modified Psyche knot and a butterfly arrangement just over the crown of the head.

Among the new furs is what is called electric seal. The name is to an extent misleading, as the fur is merely a sheen of color and while rather pretty looking at first, does not wear in a satisfactory manner. Indeed it will scarcely stand one season's use and look well. It is like many other things, a makeshift, and for that purpose may have a limited popularity.

ABOUT SCIENCE.

The small pear-shaped glass globes called "Prince Rupert's drops" are made by allowing molten glass to fall from a short distance into cold water, which causes the exterior to cool more rapidly than the interior, and the mass is left in such a state of tension that, if the extreme tip of the drop be broken off with pliers, the whole flies to powder.

AMATEURS interested in photography—and their name is legion—will be glad to know that the injurious action of metals on the hands in developing the pictures may be avoided by the use of cheap india-rubber finger-stalls. These, the Tribune says, will perfectly protect the fingers from all poisonous materials, and, being exceedingly thin, are by no means uncomfortable to wear.

Mr. W. H. Hudson, says the London Knowledge, gives a depressing list of "lost British birds," including the crane, white spoonbill, great bustard, bittern, marsh harrier, hen harrier, red kite, and the osprey, and avers: "This destruction of birds is attributable to the efforts of sportsmen and the unprincipled collector. The same process is going on in this country, largely in order that women's headgear may be adorned with the spoils of our ornithological tribes. When will our women turn themselves against this cruel custom?"

WITH THE ELECTRICIANS.

JAPAN is said to have cheaper telephone rates than any country in the world, provided the Japanese language is used.

It is said that the Metropolitan Traction company, of New York, is to spend \$1,000,000 on the largest car house in the world, to be erected on Seventh avenue, from Fifth to Fifty-first street.

The people of New York city have spoken for rapid transit railroad to be constructed by the municipality, by a vote of about three to one. Electricity will undoubtedly be the motive power.

Dr. W. R. HUNTINGTON, rector of Grace church, New York, has ordered a chime of ten bells, aggregating 11,000 pounds, for the new Grace chapel and hospital on East Fourteenth street. The chime will be played by electricity.

It is stated that Mr. Thomas A. Edison has already expended nearly \$1,000,000 in his experiments to find a commercial method of reducing low grade ores by electricity. Should he finally succeed, he says it will be his greatest electrical invention.

The Baby Castle Fire.

Here is an instance of a fire that has been burning for centuries. According to the testimony of the duchess of Cleveland, the great hearth fire in the hall of Baby castle has never been suffered to expire. This castle is perhaps the noblest and most perfect specimen of feudal architecture in England.

FORFEIT to sixteen hours is the day's work of most girls employed in factories and shops in Scotland. Wages are often as low as six shillings one dollar and a half a week. There is a strong movement on foot for a mitigation of this state of affairs through legislation.

PAINTED ARAB GIRLS.

They Are as Hateful as the Most Jealous Husband Could Desire.

Arab girls, before they enter the harem and take the veil, are a curious sight to behold. Their bodies and faces are dyed a bright yellow with turmeric on this ground they paint black lines, with antimony, over their eyes; the fashionable color for the nose is red; green spots adorn the cheeks, and the general aspect is grotesque beyond description.

My wife tells me, says a writer in Nineteenth Century, that the belles in the Sultan's harem are also painted in this fashion and they also paint gloves on their hands and shoes on their feet, and, thus, bedizened, hope to secure the affections of their lords. At Shies the men would not allow my wife to approach or hold any intercourse with the Arab women, unless propped up by epithets which she used to make friendly overtures, with the result that whenever Mrs. Hest advanced toward a group of gazing females they fled precipitately, like a flock of sheep before a collie dog. These women wear their dresses high in front, showing their yellow legs above the knee, and long behind; they are of deep-blue cotton, decorated with fine embroidery and patches of yellow and red seen on in pattern.

It is the universal female dress in Hadramut, and looks as if the fashion had not changed since the days when Hazrat Ali, the patriarch, settled in this valley and gave it his name (Gen. x, 29). The tall, tapering straw hat worn by these women when in the fields contributes with the mask to make the Hadrami females as externally repulsive as the most jealous of husbands could desire.

AN ODD LETTER.

It Was Written on a Bank Note and Accompanied by a Letter.

A writer in Cornhill tells a good story illustrating the important part played sometimes by bank notes in the ordinary affairs of life. About sixty years ago, the cashier of a Liverpool merchant had received, in tender for a business payment, a Bank of England note, which he held up to the scrutiny of the light, in order to make sure of its genuineness.

He observed some partially indistinct words traced in red on the front of the note beside the lettering, and on the margin. Curiosity tempted him to try deciphering them. They were so faintly written and so nearly obliterated that he found great difficulty in doing so, but finally he was able to combine them into this sentence:

"If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing in a prison in Algiers."

Mr. Dean was shown the note, and he lost no time in making inquiries of the cashier of the day to make intercession for his brother's freedom. It appeared that during eleven years, while his friends and family had believed him to be dead, the latter had been a slave to the dey of Algiers. With a piece of wood, he had traced in his own blood, on the bank note, the message which was eventually to secure his release.

The government exerted itself to the utmost in the matter, and he was set free, on the payment of a ransom to the dey.

A CHINESE LOVE LETTER.

Not to Be Despaired as Regards Inducements Held Out.

The Ostentatious Lloyd, an authority on Chinese matters, in a recent article on the manner of love-making in the flowery kingdom, publishes the following letter from a man who desired the daughter of a neighbor as a wife for his son:

"On my knees I beg you not to despise this cold and common request, but listen to the words of the matrimonial agent and give your honorable daughter to my slave of a son, so that the pair, bound by silken threads, may have the greatest joy. In the beautiful spring time I shall offer wedding presents and give a couple of geese. And let us hope for long and continuing fortune and luck, for through endless generations to the fulfillment of genuine love. May they sing of plenty and have every joy. On my knees I beg you to consider my proposal favorably, and throw the mirror-like glance of your eyes on these lines."

To this letter the father of the bride replied that he would "attend to the portion of his poor and poverty-stricken daughter, that she might not be without bedclothes, cotton clothing, hairpins and earrings. Therefore it was to be hoped that the couple would have constant fortune."

IN USE LONG AGO.

THE brooches used in Rome during the first and second centuries very often had a martial appearance. They were fashioned after swords, helmets, battle-axes and bows.

The axes found at Troy were evidently used for military purposes. Some are shaped like our hatchets, and others bear a distant resemblance to a common mallet or pick ax.

SOME of the sculptures found at Nineveh, and executed, it is said, about 2000 B. C., are of wonderfully delicate workmanship, and excite the admiration of the sculptors of to-day.

In a window of a bathhouse at Pompeii were found four panes of glass fastened in place by small nuts and screws, so contrived as to allow the removal of the glass at pleasure.

FIXED-YOYOT combs of brass and ivory have been dug up from Roman tombs, and, from certain allusions found in the Latin poets, it is evident that they were greatly needed by the ladies of the world's metropolises.

TWO terra cotta vases taken from the ruins of Priam's palace are ornamented with a delicacy that would not disgrace a model of the present day. Each bears an owl's head, the image of the tutelary goddess of Troy.

Why Bulls Hate a Red Rag.

In the first place, says an English writer, red is a color to which cattle are unaccustomed, so that they may naturally be supposed to be startled by its very novelty. Scientists show the sensation of red to be the complement of that of green, being induced by exactly opposite affects of the retina. If the eyes of cattle are constructed on a similar principle to our own the continual contemplation of green, as in trees and herbage, must produce a state of retinal fatigue, predisposing to violent excitement of the retina immediately a red substance is presented to view.

AN ODD LAMENT.

A Somewhat Singular Speculation of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Shortly before his death Oliver Wendell Holmes indulged in curious reflections over the number of books he might have written had his long life been applied as diligently to literary pursuits as it was engrossed by acquiring and imparting scientific knowledge. This speculation had something of pathos in it. His mournful humor was experienced by Nathaniel Hawthorne and Charles Lamb, those fine spirits that often chafed under the drudgery of official employment.

Yet such complaints seem, on careful examination, to be poetic rather than real. Literature is a good walking stick, but a bad crutch, said Thackeray. It is an excellent, wise thing to approach or hold any intercourse with the literary world, but it is furnished by their verses.

We do not observe, for example, that the splendid imagination of Hawthorne was hindered by his duties in the Salem custom house, nor that Lamb lost fancy through his long employment with the East India company.

Dr. Holmes represented the true wealth as well as the health of American life. He had earned a competence by hard work and enjoyed the luxury of repose by bringing forth music that touched his neighbor's heart as deeply as his own. His scientific speculations, free and joyous as that of the meadow larks. He had weathered the storms of youth, triumphed over the disappointments of maturity and reached a ripe old age cheered by the applause and the affection of mankind.

How great is he who crowns in shades like these.

A youth of labor with an age of ease! And all his prospects brightening to the last. His Heaven commences ere the world be past.

—N. Y. Press.

HARRY WAS REAL MEAN.

He Made Game of His Entertaining Little Wife.

At a pleasant home in Covington the other evening, a happy company were gathered. The host and his wife had just returned from a trip to Macine, and the young wife was relating to her guests some of the incidents of the journey.

"Oh, I learned so many things while we were gone," she said, and her pretty face was lighted with the most becoming animation as she went on breathlessly.

"We stopped one day at the state institution for the deaf and dumb in Michigan, and what do you think the steward told us? Why, he said they sift a barrel of flour for every meal there."

"A barrel of flour!" exclaimed a young lady who was listening.

"Yes," said the hostess triumphantly, "for every meal. And how many potatoes do you suppose they peel for dinner? Guess."

"Not a barrel," said the young lady. "Ten bushels. Just think of it! And they use three barrels of cabbage, and when they have watermelon, it takes just two hundred and sixty to go round. But listen. This isn't all. They need one hundred and twenty-five pounds of raisins for the Sunday cake, and they put twenty-one bushels of apples in the pies. Don't they, Harry?"

Harry was the husband and the companion in this remarkable voyage of discovery. He turned to his wife fondly, and then traveled on the meekest speech of his married life: "Yes, dear. Not only that, but they mill one whole cow every day!"—Cincinnati Tribune.

BEYOND DISPUTE.

Pat's Argument Was a Clincher, Sure Enough.

It is said that Mr. Tyler, from the time of his election to the vice presidency until the death of Gen. Harrison, kept no carriage, owing to the insufficiency of his salary. When, however, he found himself elevated to the chief magistracy of the country, the financial difficulty being removed, he determined to set upon equipage.

He bought a fine pair of horses, engaged an Irish coachman, and proceeded to look about for a reliable servant to drive them.

He had been driven only a few times, and was in excellent condition, so that the president, after a careful examination, was satisfied with it. Before finally deciding the matter he had his Irishman coachman take a look at the carriage, and give his opinion of it.

"It's jist the thing for your honor," reported that accomplished person.

"But," queried Mr. Tyler, whimsically, "do you think it would be altogether proper for the president of the United States to drive a second-hand carriage, Pat?"

"And why not?" asked Pat, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye. "Shure, an' beggin' your pardon, ain't it yer self that's a second-hand president?"—Youth's Companion.

Not a Large Household.

SHE was a young housekeeper, who had her own ideas on the subjects of the day. When the man who was putting in the coal had finished his work she paid him a distant resemblance to a common mallet or pick ax.

"It's late to be putting in our winter coal, but we have just come here. I suppose yours is all in now?"

"All it's going to be, mum."

"Why? Don't you believe in getting in a supply?"

"Oh, yes, mum. I believe in it, but I ain't got no convenient place to keep it."

"Then you must live in a flat?"

"Flat enough, mum. Our heads hit the roof when we stand up."

"Dear me. A tenement house, I suppose?"

"Tatner, mum. A two-room tenement at that."

"How picturesque. Now, would you have any objection to my coming there some time and taking you all with my camera for an art exhibit?"

"You can take us with anything you like, mum; there only be one said," answered the perplexed man.—Detroit Free Press.

THE PARIS FUND.

How the Irish Money Was Brought from France to England.

An interesting account of the transmission of the released Paris funds from Paris to London has been furnished by the London correspondent of the Freeman. With the exception of a very small proportion, the funds, it should be explained, are in the form of American bonds of various kinds, payable to bearer.

When the order for their surrender to Mr. McCarthy was delivered by the French courts to the Paris bankers, Messrs. Monroe, the question arose as to the best means of transporting them across the channel. The junior partner of the firm of Messrs. Longmans & Co., who acted as Mr. McCarthy's solicitors, considered it undesirable to travel with so large a sum of negotiable bonds in his possession, without insuring them. However, on inquiry of several leading insurance companies he found that none of them would undertake the risk. The result was that Mr. Longmans decided not to hazard the chances of the road with the securities.

Inquiry was instituted among persons accustomed to sending valuables of various kinds from the French to the English capital, in order to discover the plan usually adopted. To the surprise of those concerned, they learned that the only really safe method in the case of such valuable parcels was to send them by registered letter, and this method was ultimately successfully adopted.

THE CHIFFONIER.

A Ruined Institution in the Great City of Paris.

The chiffoniers of Paris have lost their trade—at least it has become so totally modified that they no longer pursue it in its ancient form. The waste and dirt from every house used to be poured out into the street before the front door each evening at nine or ten o'clock, and the chiffonier, with his lantern and his broom, arrived at once and raked the heap over, to see what he could find in them. But it became forbidden, says Blackwood's Magazine, either to throw the refuse into the street or to bring it out at night.

It was prescribed that it should be carried down in the early morning in a box, which is placed, full, at the door, and is emptied before nine o'clock in the dust carts, which go round each day. The chiffoniers, therefore, have no longer the opportunity of picking over the dirt for it has ceased to offer itself in an accessible form; they have, for the most part, to eury on the trade after the refuse is discharged from the carts at the depot, and, consequently, have almost disappeared from the streets. They cannot be regarded as a loss, for they were, of necessity, dirty and had smelling, and looked, as they prowled about with their dull lanterns in the dark, like specters of miserable evilness. But, all the same, they were thoroughly typical of old Paris.

BORN A FIGHTER.

A French Soldier Who Revealed in Scenes of Death.

Many men have made good soldiers and have commanded, who, nevertheless, had no relish for fighting. Gen. Oudinot, so famous in the wars of Napoleon, was a warrior of another type, says Youth's Companion. He seemed, at all events, to love war for its own sake. His fiery temper and his ideal of a soldier are well exemplified in two brief anecdotes gathered from his biography, recently published.

In July, 1805, when Oudinot was thirty-eight years old, the emperor reviewed the grenadiers at their camp at Boulogne. The customary maneuvers were performed, and at the end Gen. Oudinot—in command of the grenadiers—started to march at the head of the line before Napoleon.

He put the spurs to his horse, and the steel balked. The struggle was brief, for the exasperated general drew his sword and gave the horse such a stab in the neck that in another moment the horse lay stretched upon the sand.

That night the commander of the grenadiers dined with the emperor, and in the course of the meal Napoleon said:

"Is that the way you treat your horses?"

"Sire," answered Oudinot, "when any one knows not how to obey, that is my method."

The second anecdote is even more grim. Some one spoke to Oudinot about the deep affection which a general must cherish for his devoted troops. "Love them!" he exclaimed. "Do I love them? Ah! I think I do! I have had them all killed!"

There spoke the born fighter, who shirked no danger himself, and accounted it the most enviable lot of a soldier to die on the field.

WHAT A "TEAM" IS.

It Depends on What Part of the Country You Are In.

What is a "team"? Is it an animal hitched to a wagon, or two or more animals and a wagon, or simply two animals harnessed up together? Does the word include the vehicle? An excited Bostonian, writing from Nebraska to a Boston paper, confesses his humility when, upon remarking that a "team" had been left in the street, he was told by a cowboy that he meant a wagon. He admits, says Harper's Weekly, that the cowboy was right, and so it seems here. In the state of New York, where a high standard of language prevails, "team" properly includes the animals, if there be only one, which haul a vehicle, but not the vehicle itself; but improperly it is used to designate any animal or animals hitched to any vehicle. It is not used, however, to designate the vehicle without the animals, as seems sometimes the case in New England. A synonym for team in its degenerate sense in New York state is "the more or less objectionable phrase of newspaper English a horse and buggy are invariably a "rig," and every stableman and farmer boys apply the same brief and comprehensive term to almost any vehicle drawn by anything on four legs.

Norway's Big Lumber Mill.

It has been generally supposed that the largest lumber mills in the world were located on Puget sound in this country, but such is not the fact. The largest mill, so far as known, is in Christiania, Norway, where a million feet is produced daily. There are about thirty gang saws and six planing and molding machines, the latter of the massive Norwegian design, which feed at the rate of eighty to one hundred feet per minute.

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